

## [Tenenbaum]

Dup.

FOLKLORE

NEW YORK Forms to be Filled out for Each Interview

FORM A Circumstances of Interview

STATE New York

NAME OF WORKER EMANUEL VERSCHLEISER

ADDRESS 1419 Jesup Ave.

DATE Nov. 15, 1938

SUBJECT YIDDISH FOLKLORE - TENENBAUM

1. Date and time of interview Nov. 10, 1938

2. Place of interview

Alabama Ave. Congregation. Alabama Ave. near Blake

3. Name and address of informant

4. Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant.

Mr. Tenebaum of 499 Riverdale Ave. Bklyn

5. Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you

## Library of Congress

Mr. Tenenbaum

### 6. Description of room, house, surroundings, etc.

A small synagogue, modern with the usual arrangements. Some of the orthodox members foregather every evening for the evening prayers: "Nincha-Marev". On the above mentioned day there was also a little meeting dealing with the fraternal affairs of the congregation, Mr. Tenenbaum, an old man of 70, with a gray beard, an acquaintance of the writer, accompanied him to the synagogue and in conversations with the members and listening in to their chats he got the following folk-tales.

FOLKLORE

NEW YORK

FORM C Text of Interview (Unedited)

STATE New York

NAME OF WORKER Emanuel Verschleiser

ADDRESS 1419 Jesup Ave.

DATE Nov. 15, 1938

SUBJECT YIDDISH FOLKLORE - TENENBAUM A FOLK TALE ABOUT A PEASANT WOMAN AND AN EGG

A peasant woman lived in a village, she had many children and she was very poor and had nothing to feed them with. This peasant woman found once an egg, she called all her children and tol them: children, yourwon't have to worry no more. Why? The children asked. The peasant woman answered: I have found an egg but we will not eat the egg.

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I will go to a neighbor and ask her to let me have her chicken for a while. I will set the chicken to hatch the egg and we will get a small chick. We won't eat the chick but let it grow and set it to hatch. When will have many chicken we won't eat them, we'll sell them and buy for the money a calf. When the calf will grow up and become a cow we will milk her and sell the milk and buy for the money fields and gardens and we will never know what hunger means. When the peasant woman finished telling what riches the egg will bring them the egg slipped from her hands and broke. The peasant woman cried: All the riches are gone!

Comment: This tale was told to me by an old Jew to illustrate the point we were talking about namely that there are people who imagine they are great and self-sufficient and forget God when in reality they have little more than the peasant woman. He heard this story in the small Russian town he came from. 2 A TALE ABOUT "KOL-NIDRE"

("Kol Nidre" is a prayer said on the eve of the Day of Atonement.")

In our town there was a Jew by the name of Solomon-Ber, who always said Kol-Nidre. He had inherited this right he said from generation to generation. He was an old man in his nineties and he believe that he is living so long only on account of this inherited right to the "Kol-Nidre". Of course being so old people could hardly hear him but he wouldn't give up this right for no money in the world. The beadles tried many times to talk to him about this: Reb Solomon - Ber- they would say - maybe this year you'll let it go, we'll engage a cantor. But Solomon-Ber became terribly angry they were afraid to talk to him any more about it.

Once a Jew came to him and asked him: "You want to sell me your right to "Kol-Nidre?"

Reb Solomon-Ber became so angry that his hands and feet began to tremble. He cried: They want to shorten my life. . .

When he became 91 years old the younger people protested: Why you can hardly hear his voice. . . How will he say "Kol-Nidre"

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But the older people shook their heads: What is there to be done? It his right. (Chasokeh). But when it came to Kol-Nidre next year he became sick and couldn't come to the synagogue. He improved, he could even walk again, but he himself said that his fate is sealed- he missed one "Kol-Nidre" And so it was. He died before the next Atonement Day.

### \*\*\*\*\* A TALE ABOUT RABBI ISRAEL SALANTER

Rabbi Israel Salanter want to the synagogue to say "Kol-Nidre" suddenly he heard a child crying in one of the houses. The cries tore at the rabbi's heart strings. He looked in thru the window where the crying came from and he saw "Yom Kipper" candles on the table, in the middle of the room stood a cradle with a small child. . . The house was empty everybody went to pray seemingly. . . And 3 the child wails something terrible . . .

Rabbi Israel Salanter didn't think much he entered the house and began to rock the cradle till the child became quiet. . .

In the synagogue meanwhile the people waited with "Kol-Nidre" The sun set long ago. The people became restless: (Where is the Rabbi? Did something happen, God forbid? . . . People stand around terribly worried. . . Then a boy appears and relates that he saw the rabbi thru the window rocking a baby.

Many people went to see if its true. And so it was. The Rabbi sat near the cradle, rocking the child with the melody of "Kol-Nidre"

When the Rabbi saw the Jews who came for him he put his finger to his mouth motioning to them that they should not awaken the child and intoned in sing song. The babies are more important to God than our prayers. . .